

The President of the United States has issued his proclamation designating November 25th as Thanksgiving day.

The Rockport Journal gives an account of the elopement of Jas. H. Larimore, residing near Rockport, with his wife's sister, a Mrs. Mary A. Travis.

Gen. Dribbin, the Centennial Manager for Nebraska, has issued a circular for the regulation of the appointment of agents for the sale of Centennial stock in this State.

Centennial stock is now considered a good investment and is desired to give all the people of Nebraska an opportunity to purchase some.

The stock is secured by the centennial buildings and all the admission fees received during the centennial and international exposition.

Agents appointed to sell stock will be paid salaries according to their services and length of time employed.

Subscription books and stock have been placed at the Nebraska State bank, Omaha, any person sending by postoffice order or registered letter, ten (\$10.00) dollars to Eugene A. Thomas, 265 Farnham street, Omaha, Nebraska, will receive by return mail a certificate of stock.

Mrs. Moulton and Plymouth Church On the 4th Mr. Hawkins, of Plymouth church, called on Mrs. Moulton and informed her that the examining committee of the church had determined to recommend to the church that her name be erased from the rolls as that of a continual and careless absentee.

Mrs. Moulton had called at the request of the committee to notify her of its intentions in order that she might be present to state her reasons for absence. Accordingly Mrs. Moulton attended the business meeting last night. She was accompanied by her counsel, General Pryor. When the recommendation of the examining committee was reported, and before the action was taken by the church, General Pryor arose and read a letter from Mrs. Moulton in her own defence, in which she protests against the adoption of the recommendation of the examining committee.

because, she said, "I am not an absentee in the proper sense of the word, nor does the roll of the church in regard to absentees, contemplate any such case as mine. My absence is an enforced one, and is caused by the crime of adultery, committed by Henry Ward Beecher, pastor of the church, with one of his parishioners, which I know to be a fact through Mr. Beecher's confession to me and through the confession of Mrs. Tilton, and through conclusive evidence of the crime from other sources. I appear before this church in loyal obedience to its summons, and I hereby declare my deep regret, and desire to discharge all the duties devolving on me as a member, that are consistent with my knowledge of the adultery of the pastor and his false swearing with regard to it. The most impressive silence followed the reading of Mrs. Moulton's plea. The moderator then put the question. A silent vote was taken, and the name of Mrs. Moulton was dropped from Plymouth church roll of membership.

Bar Resolutions. On the 8th of October, the lawyers of Ft. Madison, Iowa, met and passed the following resolutions in memory of Francis Scamplone, Esq., late a member of the Lee county bar:

Whereas, It has pleased Providence to remove from our midst, to a higher sphere of happiness, our dear and legal brother, Francis Scamplone, Esq., and Whereas, his high legal attainments and native energy of character, made him one of the most conspicuous advocates of the Lee county bar:

Resolved, 1st, That we cherish his memory for his many excellent qualities, as a man and lawyer.

Resolved 2nd, That as an evidence of respect for his memory, that a copy of these proceedings be prepared by the Secretary of the respective Courts, and presented to his family, and that the Judges of the various Courts of Lee County, be respectfully requested to have these proceedings spread upon the Records of the respective Courts.

Very Respectfully Submitted, D. F. MILLER, Sr. Ch'n. JOHN VAN VALKENBURG, W. H. MORRISON.

Mr. Semple was the father of Mrs. T. Paxton, of this vicinity. After various remarks in honor of the deceased the resolutions were adopted, and afterwards ordered by the court spread upon the court record.

Pension Frauds. A report received by the commissioner of pensions shows that 125 cases of alleged frauds in pension claims were investigated by the special service division during the quarter which ended September 30 last. This is more work than was done in the same length of time when the special service division had more agents than at present.

It will be seen from the above that Henry M. Atkinson, Commissioner of pensions, is conducting the work of his department with signal ability and success. We are glad to notice this because we feel a personal interest in all Nebraska appointments. The honorable commissioner, we are assured by private advice, is doing most excellent work, and bringing his office up to a standard of efficiency which is becoming a model to other departments. The different employees of the department seem to enter into the spirit of reform which actuates their chief, and accomplish an amount of work in remarkable contrast with former times. Mr. Atkinson is credited to Nebraska, and deserves the consideration which his services command at Washington.—Omaha Republican.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 28, 1875.

Editor Nebraska Advertiser, I arrived here some ten days since, and have been "taking the city in" ever since, but am not near through yet.

Washington as most of your readers are no doubt aware, is the most beautiful city in the United States. Its wide streets, avenues, numerous parks, palatial residences and fine public buildings, command the admiration and wonder of all who visit the capital.

All the bureau officers are busily engaged in preparing their reports to Congress, which meets on the first Monday in December. A great many changes have been and are being made in the different departments, and I suppose when "Old Zack," the new Secretary of the Interior, returns he will proceed to "lop off" sundry and divers heads.

The commissioner of Pensions, Hon. H. M. Atkinson, of Brownville has proven himself the man for the place. He always has a kind word and a smile for all visitors, and has more business in him to the "square inch" than anybody. He is a man of whom Nebraska may well be proud.

Since my sojourn here I have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of J. C. Aylsworth, Esq., an old citizen of Brownville, and I believe, at one time connected with the Nemaha District Land Office. He is a companionable gentleman whom I do not doubt to be remembered by a great many of your readers who were among the early settlers of Brownville and Nemaha county.

There are a number of Nebraskans here, among whom are Senators Hitecock and Paddock, Pat O'Hawes, W. H. B. Stout, Col. Irish, and Frank Rother, all of whom seem to be enjoying the best of health, although in a somewhat warmer climate than they are accustomed to.

The President is in the city, but he has not called on me yet. I do not think he knows I am in the city. I would like to form his acquaintance very much, as he lives in a very nice house, and is said to have a great plenty of fine cigars. I do not care anything about the house, but these cigars, I think that one or two of those could be forced on me, but my "retiring disposition" forbids my enjoying the weeds. Do not suppose from the above that I am a fac similli of the Granger man.

More if you will have it. NOSTRO.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The Great Revival—Politics in New York and Brooklyn—Death and the Demi-Monde—Business.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser. NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1875.

The revival movement in Brooklyn has been inaugurated by Moody and Sankey, and it gives very indication of great success. The series of meetings commenced Sunday morning last, in the great skating rink, in Brooklyn, which has been fitted up for the purpose. It was a sight to see the crowd that came that Sunday morning. The forbes from New York were crowded, the street cars were loaded, and every possible public and private conveyance was charged to its utmost capacity.

The meeting at the Rink was advertised at 8 A. M., and the building would seat 7,000. At 6 in the morning—think of the hour!—there were not less than 20,000 anxious people awaiting the opening of the building. They came in street cars, in carriages, in wagons, on horseback, in and on everything that would carry, and on foot, and they waited and waited two long hours. Finally, the doors opened and the first 7,000 found seats, 2,000 more stood in the aisles, and the crowd outside, augmented every minute, stood on their feet, waiting and waiting, as though they expected the roof would fly off or in some miraculous way they would be enabled to see and hear Moody and Sankey. Finally, of course, they dispersed.

What did those who got seats inside hear and see? Simply two earnest, honest men, each with a gift, pleading to their fellow men, to be better men. Dwight L. Moody, a robust, strong, earnest man, who believes that Jesus of Nazareth came into the world to save sinners—a plain uneducated man—begging and entreating his fellows to put their trust in Him as he has done—a man without grace, without polish, without even good grammar—but a man whose soul is permeated and filled with the one idea that without Jesus a man must be lost, and who loves his fellow men to the degree that he is willing to forego all the ambitions of life so that he can rescue them—that is Moody. His collaborator is just like him in purpose, though different in method. Ira D. Sankey is a handsome man, with a soul full of love for his fellows, and a voice like an angel. What Moody does in speech he does in song. He sings only such songs as hold up to their gaze Christ on the cross dying for sinners—hesings only of that love deep enough to take in the vilest and broad enough for a world of transgressors. This is their only theme—this all they say or sing. It is the old story, the beauty and sweetness of which even the infidel never could make head against—of He who so loved the world that He gave his own life to save it. This Moody talks and this Sankey sings. It is love, love, love. Moody holds his audiences by telling the story of Jesus, who would suffer death for one sinner; Sankey, with

his wonderful voice sings of that Saviour who, having the ninety and nine, went out through the night and storm, through the tangled brake for thee! And the effect they produce is wonderful. They say and sing nothing new—but they are in deed earnest themselves, and though their story be they impress everybody.

They inject into their hearers their own earnestness—they compel them to receive it, because they believe it. And that they are in earnest, there can be no doubt. They might have made thousands in England—in fact they were offered thousands—but they took nothing but the bread they ate, the beds they slept in, and the clothes they wore. And here they refuse to take anything else. Neither of them have a dollar in the world, and they work more hours than any day laborer on the streets.

Starting with these two workers, the churches have commenced a movement along the whole line. The crowd that could not get into the Rink, last Sunday, surged into the churches in the neighborhood, filling them to overflowing. Notwithstanding the crowd in the Rink the churches of Brooklyn were never so full and never was so much interest manifested. There is revival in the air, and advantages will be taken of it. All the churches are arranging for revivals and there will be such an awakening in this city, this winter, as was never heard of.

One word or two about the audiences that Moody and Sankey have. They are the best people in the two cities. Wealthy men, the best merchants and bankers in the city, came forward with the money to remodel the Rink, to provide for the cost of the meetings, without solicitation. I should like to give the names of some of them, but as they did it just as Moody and Sankey labor, without hope or expectation of reward, I will allow them the luxury of doing a good action in secret.

Revolutions commenced in all the churches next week. All denominations will engage in them, from the most orthodox Presbyterian to the most liberal Unitarian. The best people have united to elevate the standard of morality, and to do something toward lifting the great city out of the selfish, money-making, money-getting spirit that has for so long crowded out everything else. It is time.

The meetings at the Rink have been crowded the same way every day since Sunday, and there are no signs of abatement. From 10,000 to 20,000 people are unable to obtain admittance, and go away from each meeting. The churches in the neighborhood take the overflow, and the two evangelists go to them for a brief period each day. It is a wonderful work they are doing, and they are doing it in a wonderful way.

Were never so mixed as in New York and Brooklyn as at this time. It is the People vs. Ring, and a very vigorous fight is being waged. In New York the Democracy are split into two factions, Tammany and anti-Tammany, and the Republicans of the city are acting with the anti-Tammany wing. John Morrissey has reconsidered his determination not to take part in the fight, and is in it with his coat off, as a candidate for Senator. It is humiliating for a decent man to be compelled to vote for such a man as Morrissey, but that is what the Republicans of that district are going to do. As bad as he is he is a better man than Fox, his opponent. Fox is the sworn enemy of Kelly, the head of Tammany, and Tammany owns and controls every thief, politician and otherwise, in New York. Tammany is the name for everything that is bad and vile in politics, Tammany is the shibboleth of the plunderers and thieves who have ridden New York for so many years, and the decent men of the city are willing to back any man or thing that can help to break its power. Morrissey is a gambler and adventurer, but he is opposed to Tammany, and Republicans, hopefully in the minority alone, are willing to vote for him to assist in breaking the terrible power that is eating out the heart of the city. Morrissey will help to elect Haekett and Phelps, whom Tammany has sworn to destroy, and that is what they want. But, as I should vote for Morrissey were I in that district, I am happy that I live elsewhere. To beat Tammany I would vote for John Morrissey, but I should keep it a secret from my children.

IN BROOKLYN The fight is even warmer than in New York, for Brooklyn has a worse ring, if any difference. An Irishman named McLaughlin, owns and controls Brooklyn as entirely as Tweed did New York five years ago. He is the head centre of the Democracy in that city, and has, of course amassed an immense fortune from the plunder of the tax-payers. He dictates the nominations—he elects the ticket nominated—and then controls every dollar of expenditure. But "Boss" McLaughlin is going through his sea of trouble. He became so dictatorial that the Democratic leaders are opposing him, and it is possible that the Reform movement may be strong enough to swamp him. The Republicans have nominated an excellent ticket, and thousands of honest Democrats will vote for it. Gen. Slocum, Democratic member of Congress from the Brooklyn district for two terms, is on the stump for the Reform ticket, and he puts in the most damaging blows. It is shown that for four years McLaughlin has had absolute control of the city—that he owned every office of trust and profit—that not an appointment could be made, or a dollar spent without his consent.

Gen. Slocum was placed by the Mayor on the Water Board, on the demand of citizens. McLaughlin wanted a friend of his for that place, but the Mayor refused to change the appointment. The Boss met Gen. Slocum in the ante-room of the Board of Aldermen, who have the power to confirm or reject the Mayor's appoint-

ment, and taking out his watch said, "I will give you just twenty minutes to withdraw your name." Of course, Slocum refused to withdraw his name, and of course it was rejected, and a tool of the ring sent in its place. McLaughlin made a speech in answer to Gen. Slocum the other night in which he complained bitterly of his (Slocum's) ingratitude in opposing him. "Why," said McLaughlin, "when Gen. Slocum was a candidate for Congress, he came to me one day and said that he could not be elected unless a Republican meeting, announced for that evening could be broken up. I sent three hundred men and broke up the meeting at a cost of \$600, and he has never paid it back to me." Think of being under the control of a man who can stand up in a public assemblage and make such a statement without a blush. But of such is the Democracy of New York and Brooklyn.

DEATH AND THE DEMI-MONDE. That irregular living can only end badly was again illustrated in this city this week. Charles Revere, a wealthy meat dealer has been in love for years with a woman of no character, named Ana Styles. He was absolutely infatuated with her, and spent vast sums of money upon her. The path he took was a very straight and not a very long one. Drink followed his other passion, then neglect of business, until about a year ago his mistress, after the fashion of her kind, dropped him. He had but little money to spend upon her and his further intimacy "didn't pay." The poor lunatic followed her about all this time, and occasionally "just for the fun of it," she would tolerate him for a day or two. Last Thursday he saw her at the Jerome Park races and joined her. In company with another man and woman of the same class they returned to the city and spent the night in the wildest excesses, getting to her house in the morning at five o'clock. Then Revere begged her to become reconciled to him, which she very contemptuously refused to do. Maddened by her heartlessness, he threw what valuables he had about him upon the floor, struck her with the butt of his revolver, and finished his work by shooting himself through the head. It is the old, old story. Revere bought this woman a house, which he furnished in magnificent style—he supported her like a princess—expanding upon her in two years not less than \$50,000. Had he held \$50,000 more to spend that she could have got hold of she would have held him; but the moment the supply of cash ran short, the fountain of her love dried up, and then death. His death affected her no more than if her parrot had died—indeed, her bearing at the inquest was such as to show that she felt it was a relief. She will have another rich lover in a month, and they will make merry over the death of Revere, till his time comes. "It is a mad world my sisters." Vice don't pay.

BUSINESS Has been a little more brisk this week than last, though it is still bad. Failures are as common as blackberries. There is the regular list every morning of lame ducks, and nobody knows who is safe. "Who next?" is the question most frequently asked. Well, there must come an end some time. Possibly, after the elections are all over and people get down to living again there will be a revival of trade and the wheels will get in motion again. Let us hope so. PIETRO.

NOTES OF TRAVEL. STRATFORD-ON-AVON. Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

"The gentle flowing Avon" wends its way through rich green pastures fringed by trees of thickest foliage and by many a stately hall and ruin of quiet, till at last it reaches the quiet town so far famed as the home and resting place of England's greatest Bard. On the old road from Warwick, four miles from Stratford is the ancient country mansion called Charleote Hall with its park, and church, and village. This is where, it is said, Shakespeare with some other lady was caught trespassing upon the deer park and came near paying a heavy penalty and to escape the wrath of Sir Thomas Lucy, the proprietor, he fled to London and connected himself with a play-house, and so was introduced to his wonderful career. The whole tradition is considered doubtful. The only known facts upon which the story rests are that young Shakespeare was fond of sporting and that he maligned some one supposed to be Thomas in one of his poems. It is a beautiful old place. The premises are guarded by a fine iron gate from which a drive leads to the mansion. The premises are large, the park comprising twenty or thirty acres and is beautifully shaded by large trees and contains a fine herd of deer as I ever saw. Some of them have immense antlers which they carry as loftily as their owner vaunts his noble birth. I doubt not some of them trace their genealogies to the unfortunate victim of Shakespeare's malicious sport.

It is very pleasant to walk from Charleote to Stratford. You may then go across the park; get a fine view of the rear of the mansion and the slope down to the Avon which is a very beautiful greensward with flower beds and stone steps down the bank to the water's edge; and you may stroll along the banks of the river and through the same pastures and by the same road into the town that Shakespeare used to frequent. It is especially pleasant if within a mile of town you are overtaken by a kind stranger driving a horse in a two wheel car, unlike any you ever saw in America, who asks you to ride and points out to you many objects of interest along the way, and tells you of many of the peculiarities of the town and country.

Entering the town you cross a bridge over the Avon, built in the reign of Henry VII, (about 1400), by Hugh Clopton, then Lord Mayor of

London, but a native of Stratford. So it was there when Shakespeare lived. It is of stone, and as solid and firm as the road itself, and will probably stand as long as Shakespeare is remembered.

The town is strikingly neat and orderly. It is called the cleanest town in England. It is very quiet too. It has no important business except the ordinary country trade of a very prosperous and thickly populated agricultural district. It owes its fame alone to the happy circumstance that Wm. Shakespeare was born in it. Aside from the unusual neatness of the town and its beautiful rural environs there is nothing to attract a visitor but the objects he sees relating to Shakespeare.

Americans usually stop at the Red Horse Hotel where they may have the honor of sitting in the chair our admired countryman, Washington Irving sat in when he visited Stratford. A few find their way to the little Falcon Tavern, in the smoking-room of which it is said Shakespeare used to spend evenings with his friends, Ben Jonson and others, playing "shovel-board," and otherwise. The table upon which they played and his own blocks and shovels are preserved there. The building is in the old style, the upper part projecting over the side walk. Immediately opposite stands old Guild Church, built about the tenth century with its square clock tower, and adjoining it the Free Grammar school where Shakespeare is said to have received the rudiments of his education. Near by opposite the Falcon is also New Place, the garden and the site of the house Shakespeare bought and occupied during the last fourteen years of his life, and where, properly he died. After his death the property was sold and about a hundred years ago the house was torn down by the man who then owned it and the masonry planted by his own hands out down and sold for fire wood. The premises were then bought by an association and restored as nearly as possible to the condition in which they were kept by Shakespeare. There is a beautiful lawn in the rear of the garden in the centre of which stands a scion of his mulberry tree and a scion from this one stands upon the spot where the old tree grew. One wall of the house stands and is overgrown with English ivy, and the foundation of the house is partially preserved. The enthusiastic old man who takes care of the premises and shows them for a sixpence is almost a worshiper of Shakespeare, and if you show your interest in the subject will fill your ears with scraps of traditional history of the place and the poet, as interesting as they are unreliable.

But the spot of greatest interest in Stratford is the birthplace. It is very old appearing, dark colored two story house, standing close to the street with three dormer windows in the roof. It is built of a strong oak frame firmly bound together and the spaces between the frame filled in with stone and cemented over, leaving in the frame exposed. The street door opens into the front kitchen which was the common living room of the family. It is paved with flagstone and has a wide fire place at one side with a niche in the side where little Willie used to sit to get warm. Back of this is a similar room called the "best kitchen" where they entertained company and where they sat when they had on their Sunday clothes. Up a narrow winding stair and immediately over the front kitchen is the room in which he was born. It has a floor of very bad oak boards and a low ceiling. The walls and ceiling are covered with names written by visitors. Walter Scott's is scratched upon the window. There are one or two articles of very old furniture in the room, but they are shown as doubtful relics of Shakespeare. The house for a hundred and fifty years after the poet's death was the property of private individuals outside the family, and was actually used for some time as a butcher shop. The butcher's sign with the words, "William Shakespeare was born in this house," upon it is kept in the house.

There are two other rooms on the ground floor and two above them which are used for the museum in which are exhibited all the relics relating to the poet the proprietors have been able to collect. Among them are the chair in which he sat as president of his club; the desk he is supposed to have used at the free school; his signet ring, (which he wore in his thumb); the sign from the inn at which he once had a carouse and afterwards commemorated in a poem, the only letter he is known to have received, a number of early copies of his plays, and several dozen portraits of him.

It is impossible to convey an idea of the interest one feels in these simple objects and the gratification one feels in beholding them. Washington Irving, when in the house tried to record his feelings in a poem. The original is found and placed among the relics in the museum. It is only a few lines of rather indifferent poetry.

The spot next in interest to most visitors is the burial place, that is the channel of the Church of the Holy Trinity. The Church is very venerable and quite pretentious. It stands on the bank of the Avon on a low level plat of ground and embowered amongst great elm trees, its tall sharp spire appearing above them. The enclosure outside the church is filled with graves which are crowded around it as if the nearer the body could be placed to the church the happier the departed spirit would be. There are several English noblemen buried in the church. Over the spot where the dust of the bard was laid is a large stone with the following lines engraved upon it; they are supposed to be dictated by himself:

Good Friend for Jesus SAKE forbear To dig I-E-ave dust enclosed HERE. Blisse be I-E Man yt spares I-E-ES stones And rest be he that moves my bones. No doubt these lines in their awful solemnity have prevented the remains from being removed to Westminster

Abby—a very happy circumstance. Upon the wall is the monument of himself, erected by his daughter. It represents him as writing upon a cushion. The features are very perfectly formed, and it was originally colored and made to resemble life as nearly as possible. It is probably the most correct likeness of him we have. A mile from Stratford is Sholtery and in a retired spot at the remote end of the village stands Anne Hathaway's cottage, where Shakespeare was born, and where he died. The straight backed wooden settle upon which the lovers sat in the moonlight outside the cottage door is kept for sentimental visitors to sit down in. The well and the kitchen and Annie's private room with its bed (four hundred years old) chest and some linen worked by her own hands are shown among other relics there.

I shall remember a pretty little bright eyed girl about four years old who came running to me as I stood looking at the cottage and wanted me to buy a little geranium bouquet. I bought it for a penny and I have it yet. It shall be a memento of the spot. W. E.

It is stated that Hon. Henry M. Atkinson, commissioner of pensions, promptly tendered his resignation to Secretary Chandler, on the advent of the latter to office. It is customary for the heads of the various bureaus to tender their resignations on the appointment of a new chief, so as to relieve the secretary of all embarrassments in the matter. We are happy to have to say that his resignation was not accepted and the presumption is that no change will be made in the bureau of commissioner of pensions.—Omaha Republican.

Important to the Traveling Public. It is the duty of all persons before starting on a journey to ascertain by what route they can reach their destination with the least trouble, and if there are two or more roads leading to the same point, to decide which is the safest and pleasantest to travel. We take pleasure in stating that the CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY is the oldest, and several times the shortest, route between Omaha and Chicago. Within the past two years the road has been put in admirable condition, and almost the entire line has been relaid with steel rails.

The Depot in Chicago is centrally located, and as their trains arrive there thirty minutes in advance of all other lines, passengers can always be sure of making Eastern connections. For all points in Northern and North-Eastern Iowa, you should purchase tickets via Marshall, Cedar Rapids, or Chicago. For points in Northern Illinois or Wisconsin, via Fulton; and if you are going to Chicago, or East, you should, by all means, purchase your tickets via the Old Pioneer route—THE CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN.

You will find on all through trains Pullman Sleepers, new and magnificent Day Coaches, and the best Smoking and Second Class Cars now on any road in the United States. Particular information, with maps, time tables, etc., may be had at any of the Through Ticket Offices in the West, or upon personal application to J. H. MORSE, General Western Traveling Agent, Omaha, Neb., or to W. H. STERNETT, General Passenger Agt., Chicago.

FALL AND SPRING WHEAT FLOUR! Best Brands Lowest Prices W. A. JUDKINS. Hides, Pelts, Furs. HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID BY W. T. DEN. PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY! No. 47 Up stairs over Witchesly Smith's Barber Shop. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

FIRST CLASS WORK allowed to leave my agency. A full assortment of PICTURE FRAMES, ART PICTURES and grades on hand. ALBUMS, LOCKETS, COLORED PHOTOGRAPHS, and many other novelties. PLEASANT ORNAMENTS FOR THE PARLOR. Persons wishing Photographs taken in the best style, at lowest prices, should not fail to call and see for themselves. P. M. ZOOK.

THE ADVERTISER DEPARTMENT. A fine assortment of Type, Banners, Bill Heads, etc., for printing. BUSINESS, VISITING & WEDDING CARDS. Colored and Bronzed Labels, STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES, Circulars, Dodgers, Programmes, Show Cards, BLANK WORK OF ALL KINDS. With neatness and dispatch. CHEAP OR SUPERIOR WORK NOT SOLICITED. FAIRBROTHER & HACKER, McPherson Block, BROWNVILLE, NEB.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

Plotts' Star Organs. Send for a list and list of testimonials. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.